



The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Beneath heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your cryall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,

That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too famous to live long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sonne, fierce bent against their fates.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verbes haue contriud his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.

The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme:
Thy Wife is prowd, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these larres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;

In stead of Gold, wee'll offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Caesar*, or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheimes, Orleans,
Paris Guyfours, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?
Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.

Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:
And whil't a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtrayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my steeld Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissione Miseries.

Enter

The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is reuolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.

The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleans with him is ioynd:

Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whether shall we flye from this reproach?

Gloster. We will not flye, but to our enemies throate.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army haue I musterd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearfe,

I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Winch. What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't so?
Mess. O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrownd:

The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,

Retrying from the Siege of Orleans,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,

By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round compassed, and set vpon:

No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:

In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,

To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:

Where valiant *Talbot*, about humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.

Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.

The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.

His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,

And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaille.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,

If Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,

With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.

Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Encloused were they with their Enemies.

A bafe Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,

Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,

Whil't such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.
Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.

Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:

Four of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

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